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OUR INVESTIGATION VOLCANO.

A Lively Eruption which Makes it Hot for New York's Scoundrels.



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT is proposed that the National Congress should make legislation for the provision of legally authorized boards of arbitrators, to settle the differences that arise between certain classes of corporations and their employees. Whether, even as applying to common carriers, such legislation would be constitutional, is a question which the courts must decide. Whether, granting it to be constitutional, the scheme would be advisable, is another question, upon which there may be honest difference of opinion. Most people, however, will agree that if the thing can be done constitutionally and done effectively, it is a thing decidedly to be done, if only by way of experiment.

* * *

But nobody can believe that even such summary legislation as this will put an end to the great quarrel between Labor and Capital. It may temporarily relieve a strain—we are inclined to think that it would. But in the end, all arbitration must be subject to the approval of the parties concerned. You cannot bind a brakeman or a mechanic in a car-shop to abide by the decision of a third person in his difference with his employer. If that third person's decision does not please the workman, he can throw up his job and go to other fields of labor. You cannot bind a great corporation to keep faith with the men in its employ, and to do the fair thing by them at all times. So long as there is the disposition, on either side, to evade or to defy the authority—scant and ill-established, at the best—of such a board of arbitrators, so long will it be easy for either to find the power. And that is the great limitation to the usefulness of this arbitration.

* * *

Still, we think the plan is fairly worth a trial. If it "proves itself," in the debates in Congress; if it is adjudged constitutional; if employees and employers generally are both willing to give it a proper trial, let us have it, by all means, and see if it is not at least better than nothing. But it is not the final solution of the great question. It does not touch the real difficulty—the deep misunderstanding between employers and employed. It is a trite thing to say that there is

fault on both sides. It is true enough—there is fault on both sides. But there is a difference in the degree and kind of the respective fault. Where it is the fault of the employer, it is a very simple matter to understand, and not a hopeless matter to deal with. When a Jake Sharp under-pays and over-works his men, we know at once that it is simply a case of greed and tyranny, and popular opinion supports his victims in the struggle they make against him. But where the fault is on the working-man's side, it is something much more subtle, elusive, difficult to reach and to correct.

* * *

For instance, suppose there is a factory, a large concern—in Ohio, let us say. The President has a salary of \$20,000. The Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and General Manager have \$5,000 or \$10,000 apiece. There are a thousand workmen, making from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a day. Business is bad. A reduction of wages is ordered. The workmen strike. Now, it is of no use to reason with those men. You cannot make them understand that that reduction may be just and necessary; and that if they can possibly live upon the reduced wages, they had better submit to the reduction, *for their own sakes*. They can see in it all only the action of a brutal power that thinks itself superior to their own.

* * *

"Here," they say: "is the President of the company, with his \$20,000. And here are we, with our poor two or three dollars a day cut down twenty per cent. Is this justice?" Why, yes, it is, very likely. If they knew more, they could see it. The President is only a working-man whose work is of a higher grade than theirs, more difficult, and such as *commands* better pay. No working-man in the lot would refuse \$20,000 a year, if he could *command* it by his work. The President has the manage-

ment of hundreds of thousands of dollars of other people's money. In his care are the interests of a thousand investors, many of them women and children, widows and orphans, more helpless than any working-man that ever walked.

* * *

If he cannot make the concern pay dividends on its stock, the stock will decline in value, the credit of the company will be impaired, and it will be unable to borrow the money it needs to pay the hands to produce the goods that, in due season, must be sold, and sold at a profit. He, and the other men who are receiving \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year, must look out for all this. They are simply working-men, paid to do such work, at the price which such work is worth. If the company refuses to pay them their price, they will go elsewhere, to other concerns that can pay them. And the company will employ inferior men in their places, and suffer a loss which its hands will ultimately have to share.

* * *

But this logic is unpalatable to working-men—particularly to union men. They make a mistake in rejecting it. If they knew enough to be just; to discriminate between the sacrifices they have to make to the ordinary laws of trade and commerce and the submissions they are forced to make to the exactions of avaricious monopoly, their hands would be strengthened in every way. They would have the sympathy of the entire community; and they could have no greater help and protection. But to know this, they have got to educate themselves far beyond any education they have yet acquired. They have got to learn that they do not know everything—and this is the hardest thing in the world for partially educated people to learn. We say this, and they may not believe us. But Mr. Powderly, who is a working-man born and bred, will tell them the same thing.

"CHESTNUT" IS OUT OF DATE.



HEBRAIC DEALER.—Dot expensive goat vos sheep at fifteen tollars.
See der crushed strawberry lining—
YOUTH OF THE PERIOD (*laconically*).—A-a-ah! Peachblow!

MANY PEOPLE are not aware of the fact that it makes a man's hand weary to write one language year in and year out. Therefore, constant reader and regular subscriber, prepare to throw your flowery Connecticut wrapper around the following Havana filler straight from Cuba:

"Bajo este título, que representa el nombre de un genio que aparece personificado en el drama de Shakspere 'Suenos de una noche de verano,' se publica los miércoles en New York un semanario político, satírico, festivo e ilustrado con multitud de grabados verdaderamente artísticos, que revelan á primera vista la mano maestra encargada de su ejecución. Su texto es asaz interesante; y tanto en la crítica de las costumbres sociales como en lo punzante de sus sátiras en general, manejadas con admirable estilo y diccion, demuestra este chispeante periódico la superioridad y gracia que posee sobre todas las demás publicaciones de su género en el mundo."

How dost like that little tootle, eh? That is a good solid estimate of PUCK, as good an estimate as can be done in Spanish or any other language. As the PICKINGS FROM PUCK (First and Second Crop) are of the same material, it is not necessary to say more, except that it is for sale by all news-dealers, like PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1886, for twenty-five cents a copy. Mailed to all parts of the U. S. or Canada upon receipt of thirty cents.

THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. VII.



"I think you are perfectly horrid, to find fault with the dinner, Henry; I got it all out of the 'Young Housekeeper's Infallible Cook-Book,' and it ought to be good, I'm sure."

LETTERS FROM THE EMINENT.

III.—FROM AN EX-PRESIDENT, (D. F.)

FRIEND YOUNG:

"Ye chick begynnes to pick ye shelle;
Ye henne gettes on herre legges;
Ye which doth show yt Spring hath combe,
As sure as eggs is eggs."

In reading an old black-letter volume of Thomas à Murphy, (dated April 1st, 1136,) I came across the above expressive stanza, which brought forcibly to my mind the startling conviction that the world do move. I know that seven hundred and fifty years is not a very long space of time, reckoned in aeons; but when we consider, from a scientific standpoint, the tremendous advance made in chicken-raising, the period seems almost an infinity of cycles. Ha! I wonder what that worthy old chronicler would have said had he been told by one of his contemporaries that the time would come when hens, as generators of heat for hatching purposes, would become obsolete anachronisms. Methinks if he had understood English as well as his descendants of to-day, the tenor of his reply would have been: "Begob, now, an' that's a loy."

But I wish he could have stood beside me this blessed afternoon as I opened my incubator; then he would have seen fledgeling after fledgeling chip himself clear of his pre-natal cerements—(happy phrase, is it not?—while every doldringed hen about my aviary was off earning her daily dough by laying eggs for Easter at twenty-nine cents per dozen. What a commentary on our nineteenth century enterprise!

This is my first experiment with an incubator. I must confess that I had mighty little faith in it. It has never seemed to me—nor to Lucy, either—that an old bureau, packed with sawdust and heated with kerosene, was as well calculated to fulfill maternal functions to a rising generation of chickens as their natural progenitor, the hen. But my doubts are all dissipated, and so are Lucy's—but no, I mustn't say that anything about Lucy is dissipated, for Lucy is

as strong for temperance as ever; she is convinced.

But, although the incubator is a financial success, still, when I think of how some poor pullet may feel, when tracing back his ancestry, to be brought up suddenly against a homely and plebeian chest of drawers, it looks almost a cruelty to use it. You will probably say that this is sheer sentimental nonsense, and so does Lucy.

My incubator is a rough structure of cheap wood that I made myself out of my own head. That is, I got the general idea from a machine of one of my neighbors, and added such improvements as my own fancy suggested. It has a capacity of four hundred eggs, but I only put in thirteen for the trial trip. They have been in just three weeks, and all have hatched but five. I have shut it up again, and perhaps those five will blow before morning. If so, what a bonanza I have got! By next fall the chickens will be worth a dollar apiece on the wing, and then—

A loud detonation has just sounded outside. Lucy comes running in to tell me that the five eggs have exploded and blown the whole concern sky-high. This is fearful. I now recollect that I forgot to provide the incubator with a safety-valve. Lucy says I might have known that thirteen was an unlucky number; that if I had put in two more, it would have stood eight to seven, and everything would have been well. Lively girl, she will have her joke under the most distressing circumstances. I now go to survey the ruins. In haste,

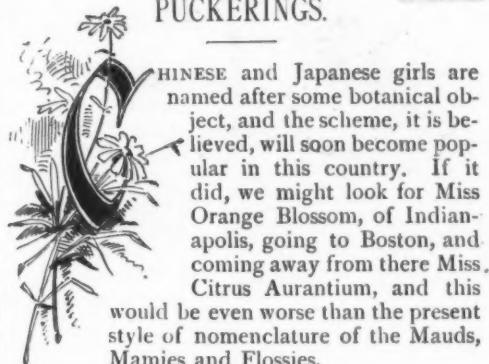
R-TH-RF-RD B. H-Y-S.

IN THE hands of men like General Sherman, the pen isn't near as mighty as the sword.

SAM JONES is indefatigable in his efforts to convert. He has just converted some spot cash into a fine farm in Georgia.

THE GOVERNMENT has abandoned its tea-farm. Now we shall have to fall back upon cold water.

PUCKERINGS.



CHINESE and Japanese girls are named after some botanical object, and the scheme, it is believed, will soon become popular in this country. If it did, we might look for Miss Orange Blossom, of Indianapolis, going to Boston, and coming away from there Miss Citrus Aurantium, and this would be even worse than the present style of nomenclature of the Mauds, Mamies and Flossies.

JUNIUS HENRI CLEMMONS claims to have invented the telephone many years ago, when he was clerk of a Congressional Committee. We would not be much surprised if his story should turn out to be true. The clerk of a Congressional Committee has idle time enough on his hands to invent most anything he happened to take a fancy to.

NATURE OFFERS very little encouragement to art in California. A wide river in Colusa County was recently bridged by a one-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar span, which was no sooner completed than the stream split in the centre, and now flows at either end of the structure, which extends over an island in the middle of the water.

THE Sun quotes Scripture, and says, with its usual eloquence, that "The skin was the hair of Esau, while the hands were the hands of Jacob." Correct, except that it should read, "though the hands were the feet of Jacob."

WHITE LOON, the Indian centenarian, died recently. Mary Walker claims that Chemi, whom she and other ladies adopted, was a sister of his, and so she is trying to get his property.

THE "OBLATE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE" are in trouble in Baltimore. They will probably be helped out by the Ovoid Brothers and the Rhomboid Fathers.

REVEREND JOSEPH COOK seems to have let go of the tail of the universe for a few moments. So there is lots of trouble.

THE CHICAGO Times heads news and crimes with a dismal display of doggerel rhymes.

HOW LITTLE we hear, lately, of Lulu Hurst and Ben Butler!

THE BOOK-KEEPER.



UPON the snowy page he rests his head,
This great and wond'rous expert at book-keeping;
But dream not, constant reader, that he 's dead,
Inebriated, or serenely sleeping.

He 's not lost in a reverie of joy,
That from his thoughts drives all things sad and solemn,
Up to his ears in biz without alloy
This young man is, simply because he is so near-sighted that he can't tell a hundred-dollar bill from a ball of cord a yard off, and he is obliged to put his naked eye right on the page,
In order to add up the festive column.



Ariadne Adams.

IS FRIEND.

Ariadne Adams might truly be called a fortunate girl. She was piquante enough to have been wicked, but she was very good; she was good enough to have been ugly, but she was captivatingly pretty; she was pretty enough to have been poor, but she was paralyzingly rich—so rich that she might have done up her bangs in Government 4's and no one would have objected; for her father was a bankrupt by profession, and invariably broke for ten cents on the dollar.

One might think there was nothing to add to these advantages; but Ariadne had more. She possessed a troop of devoted friends, of all ages, both sexes, and differing conditions of servitude, of whom this narrative concerns only a few young gentlemen. She managed to keep them all happy, and enjoyed to the full the various kinds of pleasure they afforded her, for a long time preventing any proposals on their part, which she was most anxious to avoid, since she loved none of them. Nevertheless, she was in love. This is often so. Alcides Munroe, the fortunate object of her passion, didn't appear to reciprocate. This, too, is often so—perhaps oftener. And the more she adored him, the more he didn't adore her. This is the oftenest of all.

Matters approached a crisis. Ariadne was altogether too fascinating to allow her masculine friends to remain friends any longer, and they became—not enemies, but something almost as bad—lovers, in fact. And when a

young lady's lovers are not what she wants, and yet give her no end of pleasure as friends, it is hard for her to refuse them and thus lose their society forever.

One morning Ariadne was sitting in careless thought and ditto *déshabillé*, when George J. Fisher was announced. George was a produce-broker, and knew beans and all other vegetables intimately. He was always well supplied with money, but particularly so at this time—the fresh, just-opening summer-time, when

his country customers were sending in large consignments of early green peas. This wealth he spent in driving Ariadne out in remarkably fine style. He made the object of his affections what might be called a business man's proposal, and awaited the result.

"Alas, Mr. Fisher," said she: "I must decline. I do not love you; I can be only a sister to you."



George J. Fisher.

NOT ALWAYS SYNONYMOUS.

BOY.—Pa, do the words low and vulgar mean the same thing?

PA.—Not always. Low is often used as the opposite of high. For instance, my son, there is the dress your mother wore to the party last night. It is cut low in the neck, not high; but there is nothing vulgar about it. Er—oh, no.

A NEW YORK newspaper man owns the glass, a long tumbler, from which Charles Dickens drank to the farewell toast given him on the steamer as he was about to sail to England. And, after all, gentle reader, what is it but an empty glass? And what does a New York newspaper man want of an empty glass? This is a curious world.

That wasn't at all the relationship he wished to stand in to her. He said so, and left.

"My delightful drives are at an end!" sighed Ariadne.

Then there was another arrival. Karl Friedrich Christian Ohrspelter, the celebrated musician and pianist, who used to play Wagner to her as long as the instrument held out, and then sing until the police interfered. On one occasion he had fought a desperate battle with the "Götterdämmerung," and had three pianos shot under him. He proposed in the florid Gothic style. She said:

"Alas, Herr Ohrspelter, I must decline. I do not love you; but you shall find in me a cousin."

He was not satisfied, either, and departed in wrath.

Ariadne looked sad. "The music of the future is the music of the past for me," said she.

Another arrival. There seemed to be an erratic epidemic in progress. This time it was a talented young dramatist. He was very successful in composing original plays, because he read French with ease. With him Ariadne had attended many a "first night," and acquired a vast knowledge of things theatrical. His declaration was adapted bodily from the last Paris success, and did credit alike to his feelings and his memory.

Ariadne repeated her former speech, and suggested that he should regard her as an aunt.

But he refused. "I have adapted almost everything," said he: "but I cannot adapt myself to such a situation as this."

He immediately folded his tent, like the Arabs, and quietly adapted away.

There was no more theatre for Ariadne.

Next came her artistic adorer, who had painted a large number of plaques and screens for her, as a slight testimonial of his love. He had also executed a magnificent painting on the hall-floor, choosing this singular place because all his other pictures had been "skied" to such an extent that it was a real pleasure to have one, at least, as far away from the

ceiling as possible. He didn't by any means take kindly to Ariadne's proposition that he should consider her his niece.

Her Artistic Adorer.

VISITOR.—How old is your girl, Aunt Lucy?

AUNT LUCY.—Dat chile am fi' yeah old, sah, on de fo'th ob dis month.

VISITOR.—Indeed? Five years old? You will soon be sending her to a kindergarten, I suppose?

AUNT LUCY (with *virtuous indignation*).—Nebber, sah; I wuddent go neah one ob dem ah ga'dens myse'f, let 'lone sendin' a little chile. No, sah!

THE LOUISVILLE *Courier-Journal* says the new Governor "has chestnut eyes." Probably means (hazelnut), or perhaps wall(nut).

NO PLACE FOR A CHILD.

Then her saltatory slave, the best waltzer she knew, put in an appearance, and wouldn't listen to her offer of a second-cousinship; nor did her muscular mash, who could run a mile in five minutes, and had the largest biceps ever seen off of a gorilla, with whom she attended all sorts of athletic games, wish her to be his third-cousin, which was all she had to give, her stock of relationships being closed out.

When she was finally left alone, she reflected bitterly that every source of amusement and all her best escorts were lost to her because she had been too fascinating.

The question now arose in her mind whether she was fascinating enough—enough to obtain the long-desired, yet never-obtained, affections of Alcides Munroe. He was sure of a favorable answer if he proposed, since, as she thought, there was nothing she could be to him except his wife without infringing on the patent of one of his predecessors.

At this moment he entered, amply provided with manly beauty, immense wealth, splendid talents, and everything else necessary for the equipment of a first-class, super-extra hero.

If this is not sufficient, order what you please and have it charged.

He made his appearance in great agitation and a new spring suit. In fact, he was so very much agitated that he had forgotten to remove the price-mark from his collar—but, as the figures were tolerably high ones for a ready-made article, it didn't make so much difference.

"Ariadne," said he: "this is the most momentous day of my life."

"And of mine," she whispered.

"Ariadne," he continued: "I am dazzlingly happy."

"Me too!" cooed she.

"Ariadne, I am about to—"

"I know it."

"You have always been—"

"I have!"

"And always will—"

"Can you ask?"

"Be my friend?"

"What?"

"Yes, my friend. It is to you that I first communicate my felicity. Honoria has at last consented, and next month will see us united—consolidated, as it were, agreeing to pool our receipts forever upon an equitable percentage, and never to cut rates. Wish me joy!"

But Ariadne had fainted. She had been too fascinating, yet not quite enough so—and she was Alcides's friend.

MANLEY H. PIKE.



The Best Waltzer.



The Young Dramatist.



Her Artistic Adorer.



Her Muscular Mash.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE-BEAUTIFUL.

TO the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have just returned from Bloomingdale, where I have been making a call for the past few months—and more grub.

I find in one of your recent issues an article on "Simple Home-Decoration," and want to add a suggestion or two applicable to the boarding-house oil-painting.

We all know it, or have seen it. Here is one of them.

Why it was ever made Heaven only knows, and Heaven is reticent. It is never, by any chance, hung straight.

Now, the simple materials with which any child can convert this artless discord into something that won't cause yellow-jaudice and St. Vitus's dance each time it comes within the line of vision, are: A piece of heavy white paper—bank-notes will answer when the general tone of the painting to be doctored is green—a little flour-paste or mucilage, and a pair of shears.

Carefully cut out your figures in silhouette, keeping the congruities in mind; for if, for instance, you are improving a church-interior, it would hardly be pleasing to stick on a jug of mountain tanglefoot where the baptismal-font was originally placed; nor would you cover a portrait of Ananias in a lawyer's office with one of Diogenes. These little points will occur to you as you go on.

After you have trimmed out the several figures, apply them with the paste in spots where they are most needed, thus:

Refrain from the impulse, which will certainly attack you, to cover the entire surface of the painting; for a little color is necessary to act as a foil to the plain white paper.

Let the paste dry slowly, so as not to crinkle the shirting on which the pigments are laid.

Now, with the forefinger of the right hand give a raking wipe along the top of the frame, and with the dust that you will always find there apply a gentle spatter-work pattern around the outlines of your figures, to relieve the hard, *Camirrara Osculator* effect, and the work is done. Rehang (the picture), and, believe me, you'll not rest until every masterpiece in your and the landlady's possession is thus treated.

Respectfully,

J. S. G.

New York,
April 6th, 1886.

THE BROOKS will soon begin to flow,
The violets to softly blow,
All nature will be bright and sweet,
And hen-eggs cheap enough to eat.

WHAT IS a stop-watch, Cassandra? It is a policeman at midnight.

TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

THIS is the time of the year that the old farmer back of Catskill comes to the city and buys up all the old second-hand andirons he can, cheap. Then he takes them home, leaves them in water for a day or two, and then puts them down in the cellar to rust and age, so that by the time city tourists come out for an airing he can sell them for ancient andirons, with a Washington Irving, Hans van Diedrich, old Dutch, Knickerbocker, Rip Van Winkle flavor. The people will willingly pay well for them, under the impression that they are getting a great bargain, and the farmer will not be obliged to raise successful crops to carry him over the winter.

THE DIME-MUSEUMS are already negotiating for the purchase of the craft which is to float Ross and Plaisted to their final reckoning when they undertake to sail the Niagara Rapids next summer.

IT SEEMS a sad commentary on water to realize that in the spring the river's head is swollen.

IN FRANCE the law requires that dealers advertise adulterated goods as such. In this country there are no laws for the benefit of newspapers.

"WHERE are the songs of spring, ay, where are they?" asks the immortal songster, Keats. Well, John, the woods are full of them, and so are about twenty mail-bags almost bursting with them from all parts of the country on their way to this office. And they are all full of "woo" and "coo," "flowers" and "showers" and "bowers," "brooks" and "nooks," "rose" and "blows," and "love" and "dove," etc.

A MAN BREATHES twenty times a minute, except when he is about to put the important question to his best girl. Then he breathes twenty times a second.

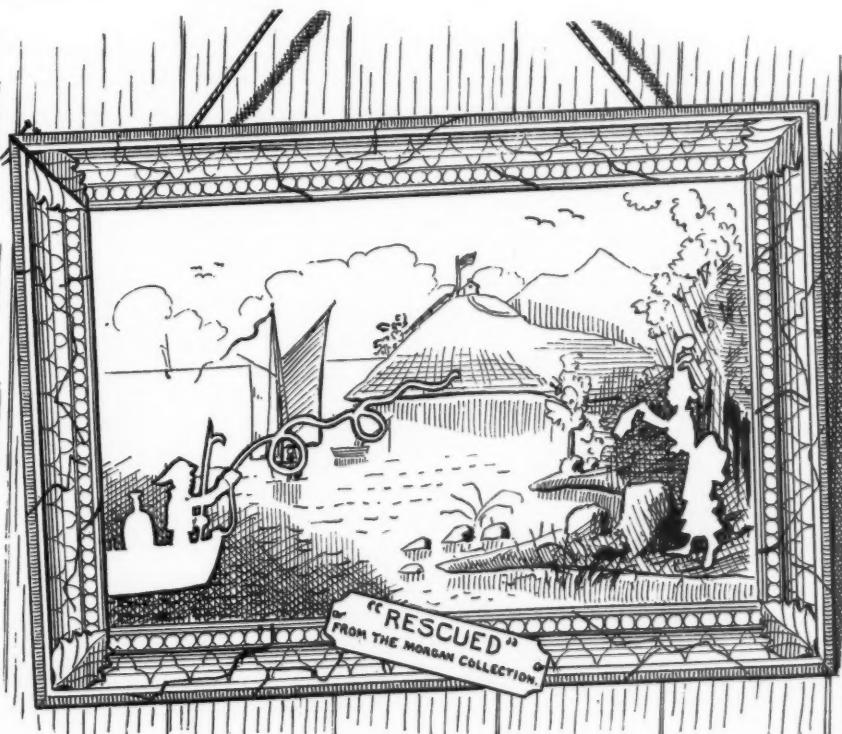
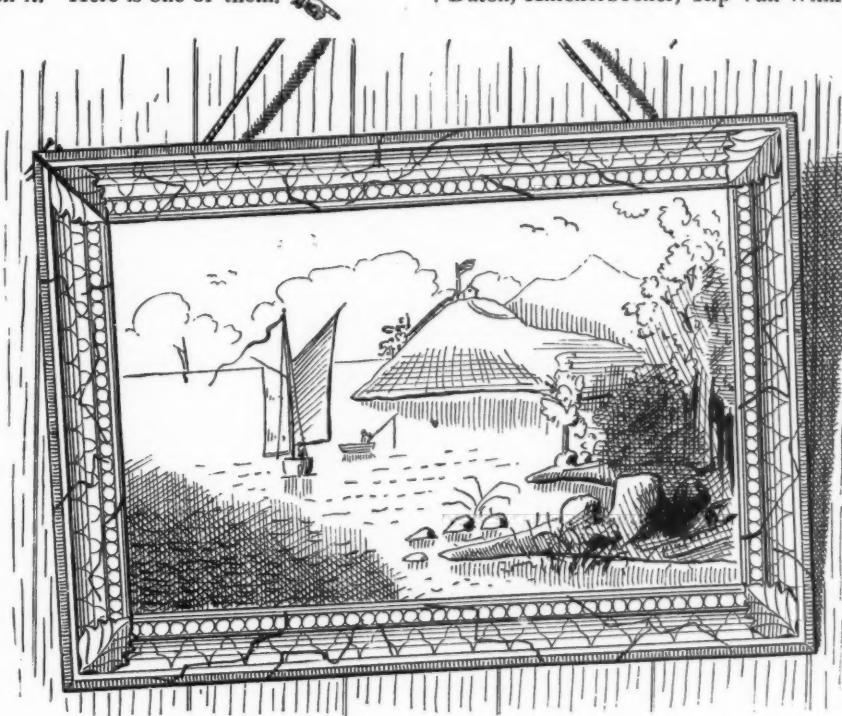
A WELL in Kentucky has taken to spouting water sixteen feet high. If it spouted whiskey sixteen feet high, Kentucky would be a good place to start a ladder-manufactory.

WE SHOULD think some enterprising up-town landlord would call his apartment-house the "Harlem Flats."

THE PEN is undoubtedly mightier than the sword; but we have seen the time when we would have given a whole gross of them for a hickory club.

SAID A POET one day to another:
"Oh, give me a rhyme for hamadryad."
And he answered his lyric brother,
With an angry frown: "Oh, damadryad!"

AN ENTERPRISING up-town druggist advertises
"Bust and back powder."



A BULB OF blown glass found in an Egyptian tomb, upon being accidentally broken, gave out a powerful odor of onions. This shows that free lunches were familiar to the subjects of Thotmus III., and instructs us not to eat this fragrant vegetable within two thousand years of our appearance in decent society.



THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC.

STRIKES are the order of the day—and of the Knights. They are also the disorders of the day and nights, and when they will fall into innocuous desuetude no man can tell. Despite the diligence of the press in reporting the strikes, several very important cases have been overlooked. As they serve to show how widespread has become the epidemic, these unpublished cases are herewith appended:

On Tuesday last, at noon, all the female cooks in the city struck, leaving, it is estimated, five hundred thousand dollars' worth of half-cooked dinners on the ranges and stoves, the most of which was spoiled. The cooks had notified their mistresses to meet them at a conference on the preceding evening, and no notice having been taken of the request, the strike came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, or a remittance of five hundred dollars from a debtor supposed to have died long since. Fashionable daughters who had attended Miss Parloa's lectures on cooking were obliged to abandon the latest *Ouidà* novel, and try their hands at preparing dinner. The result was disastrous, more food being spoiled by their culinary attempts than by the strike of the cooks. Some persons censure the cooks for striking on such a flimsy pretext; but the enemies of monopoly declare that the arrogance and independence of the mistresses, who refused to meet their servants in a conference, of the object of which they were ignorant, deserved to be rebuked.

At the Jupiter Iron Works in Illinois, last week, all the employees—six hundred in number—quit work because a member of the firm addressed one of his workmen as "Pat" Mulligan. At a conference later in the day, the firm signed an agreement to call the offended workman "Patrick Mulligan, Esq." hereafter, and the strikers immediately returned to work.

Seven hundred employees of the Tumble River cotton-mills are on a strike. Neither wages nor hours enter into the trouble in this instance. The proprietor celebrated his silver wedding recently, and neglected to send invitations to his mill-hands. At a meeting of his employees, it was resolved to remain out until he gave them a pledge to invite them to his golden wedding, twenty-five years hence. It is thought work will soon be resumed on this basis.

A serious labor trouble is reported at Pattersonville, N. J. Several hundred girls employed in

YOU CAME SO NEAR.

YOU came so near that once, and then
Stood in the awkward way of men,
As, with your eyes bent on me so,
I watched the crimson sunset glow,
And night closed in on field and fen.

I felt your purpose grow and grow:
You did not ask—could I say No?
And who shall say what might have been?—
You came so near.

Your arm slipped—ah, be still, my pen!
I but drew back; then close again
You drew me—close. Your head bent low—
A sudden noise! You let me go.
Oh, was it not a pity, when
You came so near?

RUTH HALL.

a silk-mill are on a strike because the proprietors refuse to discharge a foreman who has red hair. The girls say that red doesn't harmonize with their complexions. It is probable that a compromise will be effected by the foreman promising to dye his hair or wear a wig. The girls are firm in their determination that the iron hand of Monopoly shall not strangle their yearnings for the aesthetic fitness of things.

A lockout exists at the extensive coal-mines of Messrs. Doe & Roe. About ten thousand men are idle. One of the workmen having learned that their employers change their shirts three and four times a week, the miners held a mass-meeting, and passed resolutions denouncing the aristocratic tendency on the part of the proprietors, and resolved that unless they came down to the common everyday level of their workmen by making one shirt last at least four days, mining should be suspended. A lockout that promises to be of long duration is the result. The fight is for the recognition of a principle, and the miners have the sympathy of all true friends of labor.

The girls employed in the weaving-department of Jones & Co.'s mill in Blankville have quit work. Their grievance is that the son of their employer is courting a young lady who does not belong to their set. The strike has the support of all the Days of Labor organizations in the state.

The wife of the Grand Blower of the Days of Labor struck on Monday last, leaving the week's wash in an unfinished condition. She says her husband spends all his time at labor meetings, which are held in a hall over a beer-saloon, urging workmen to strike for more pay and a shorter day's work, in order to prevent their wives and little ones from starving. The seventy-five cents a week he gives her, she says, is not sufficient to provide for a family of seven, and she is tired of working eighteen hours a day to secure means to feed and clothe herself and children. As she refuses to resume work until her husband furnishes an equal share of the household expenses, it is probable that matters in the Grand Blower's home will be "tied up" for an indefinite period. J. H. W.

JUSTUS SCHWAB says he can't get anybody to print his speeches now, and so he is going to try to get elected chaplain of the next Congress.

CURRENT COMMENT.

SOME one has said that the "frequent consideration of a thing wears off the fear of it." This must be very comforting to Mr. Jaehne. Let him continue his contemplation of his future, and perhaps by the time his bondsmen deliver him up again he may be so accustomed to the idea of solitude that he will not ask for bail again.

IN COREA, so we are informed by a returned traveler, both men and women wear hats in and out of doors, varying in width from three to six feet. Under these circumstances, we are not surprised when we are told that there has not been a theatrical performance in Corea for the past four years.

JOSEPH COOK recently said that every one should have an aim in life. We presume Mr. Cook does not allude to women. An aim in life wouldn't do them any good. They would never hit it, anyway, unless they improved very much in their throwing.

MAYOR CARTER HARRISON, of Chicago, says he "wouldn't hang a dog on newspaper evidence." We don't believe he would hang a dog on any other kind of evidence, either, unless Chicago laws are very different from those in civilized communities.

THE STATEMENT made at the time of his last visit that Canon Farrar took back to England with him all the money in America is discredited. It is reported that he is about to return to this country. He will make a sure job of it this time.

"THERE ARE no honest burglars" observes the Detroit *Free Press*. This astonishes us. We presume they will say next that a man can't be a murderer and a gentleman at the same time. This is an iconoclastic age.

NINETEEN RUSSIAN MOUJIKS have arrived at Paris to be treated by Pasteur. We don't know what a moujik is, but, judging from the name, it must be something of the nature of a Slavonic Jerseyman.

Time for a New Picture.



COUNTRYMAN (to dime-museum fat woman).—Gosh! Ma'am, but you ain't half as fat as your picture outside.

FAT WOMAN (complacently).—No, sir; I have grown somewhat less stout since that portrait was painted.

THE MUSEUM GAZETTE.

IF THE theatre enjoys a half-dozen journals to express its wants, ideas and hopes, why should not the dime-museum have an organ of its own? According to the census, there are in the United States to-day three thousand theatres and four thousand seven hundred and thirteen museums. A well-conducted *Museum Gazette* or *Menagerie Journal* would undoubtedly meet with instantaneous success, and reap a rich harvest. Its management should, of course, be the same as that which has made American dramatic journalism world-renowned.

Each issue should contain a few profound editorials, many "personals," many more letters from correspondents, and as many "ads" as credulous curiosities and timid proprietors will advance the requisite cash for. A typical editorial would be this:

THE OUTLOOK.

Business, we are glad to see, is again looking up. During the last two months it fell off considerably, owing, it is said, to the excessive supply of living skeletons and anatomical freaks. Proprietors must realize that the public is weary of three-legged brats and two-headed women. Our advertising columns show that over a hundred first-class freaks of this class are out of employment. This indicates a change in popular taste which is well worth remembering. On the other hand, snakes are booming. A good anaconda draws large houses, while a cobra that has killed three or four keepers will turn people from the doors. Murderers are good cards again.

A letter in another column from a valued correspondent calls attention to the important fact that dirty and unshaved murderers draw better than clean and well-dressed ones. This bears out our theory, as does also his statement that the best table-furniture for a homicide is a brightly bound Bible and prayer-book, to contrast with the knife, revolver and bludgeon now in fashion.

As for personals, a limitless field presents itself to the journalistic imagination.

JONES.—Charlie Jones, the skeleton at the Standard, has reduced his weight to fifty-five pounds, three ounces, and has regained his former popularity.

CAROLAN.—The Carolan sisters, the well-known and charming glass-chewers, have recovered from their late gastric indisposition, and are pleasing the *elite* of Cohoes. Their faces adorn the head of this column, and on an inside page will be found an interesting ventroscopic photograph of their stomachs.

OMALI.—Patricio Omali, the earless warbler, was married Monday to Margarita Albani, the one-legged and one-armed acrobat. His friends hope that the union will be a winning card at the Philadelphia International.

CHICKWEED.—Prof. Charles Chickweed, the brilliant entomologist, calls attention to his trained centipedes. They have paralyzed all the Western cities, and deserve the high praise they have received from the press.

SUICIDE.—We have three second-hand fac-simile suicides for sale, which we will dispose of on easy terms to responsible buyers.

REVIVALIST.—Parties wishing a good revivalist, who can speak eight hours, and has had a good Tennessee training in profanity, will please address Slamjones, care *Gazette*.

SQUELETTE.—Dr. Squelette, a popular contributor to our journal, has made an immense hit in Richmond with his double-jointed skeletonized cats and dogs.

The correspondence should be concise, sketchy and bright. Only the highest local talent should be employed as provincial reporters. These will be supplied with handsome lithographed credentials by the editor. Their articles must be mailed every Monday night at

PUCK'S Patent Apparatus.



TO PREVENT COUNTRY GUESTS IN CITY HOTELS FROM BLOWING OUT THE GAS.
—From PUCK, March 5th, 1884.

twelve o'clock, and must be written on one side of the sheet. The variety of museum attractions will make this department of the journal extremely newsworthy and readable.

EXAMPLES.

HOBOKEN, April 5th.—The Universal is doing big. Mlle. Zebra is the star. Her act, in which she uses her handkerchief with her right foot, is a marvel of grace. The sword-swallowing lost a tonsil Saturday night by carelessly turning his blade. Two snakes escaped Sunday, but were found in the restaurant-pantry in the evening.

MORRISANIA, April 6th.—At Funnel's they've turned away all the week. The old attracs haven't lost their pull, and the new ones are immense. An India-rubber girl, Zulu, is mashing all the bald-heads. She ties her legs about her neck, and hops around the stage on her hands. In this position she will extend her leg and use her foot in shaking hands with some one in the audience. This breaks them all up. Bounced the fat woman Saturday. She'd lost her grip, and the boys were firing orange-peel and peanuts at her all the time.

A paper run upon this basis would not only do well, but would voice a large and influential class of public-spirited citizens who never yet have been represented in the great world of American journalism. W. E. S. FALES.

RANDOM REMARKS.

IT is reported that Henry Irving's eldest son will go upon the stage, and, so far as we have been able to learn, no efforts on the part of the authorities have been made to stop him.

IF THE present battle of Shiloh isn't speedily brought to a close, there will be a large number reported "among the missing." And they will all be magazine readers.

HERR RICHTER is said to have recently made a bitter personal attack upon Bismarck, the text of which is withheld from the public. We can't imagine anything so dreadful as this. We presume he said something about bald-headed men and the front seats at the pantomime show.

But Tid-Bits Begs Respectfully to Suggest That—



THE FORCE OF HABIT IN THE COUNTRY VISITORS IS CERTAIN TO DEFEAT PUCK'S AMIABLE OBJECT.
—From Tid-Bits, March 27th, 1886.

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Now would be an appropriate time for some Shakespearean scholar to come forth and prove that when William wrote, "Curst be he that moves these bones," he intended it for an epitaph on a shad.

A poet recently in Florida writes: "I watch the waves, and only ask that I may in their sunshine bask, to sit and dream my life away on Pensacola's peaceful bay." We are decidedly in favor of granting the desired permission. An alligator may get him.

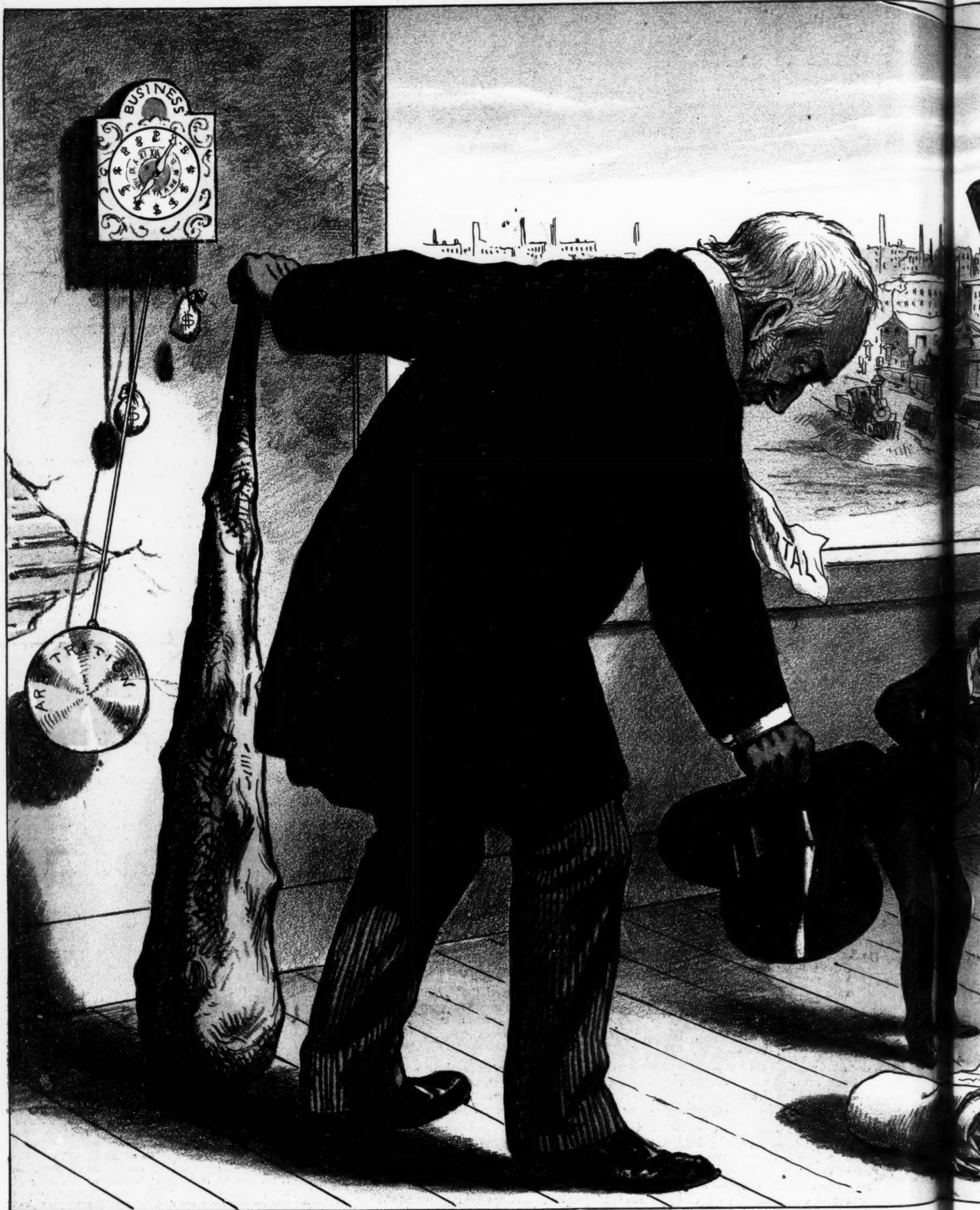
We have received the March issue of Oscar Fay Adams's "Through the Year With the Poets," without which no library of poetry is complete. We never before had so much respect for that widely maligned minstrel, the spring-poet, for he seems to be every poet from Shakespeare to Clinton Scollard. We never before knew how sweet and spiritual a thing spring is, either, we have been so much in the habit of hearing it ridiculed and associated with slush and epizootic. Mr. Adams has cavorted through literature in seven-league boots, and nothing worth preserving has escaped him. He stands before the divine choir, and leads the show with a wand of arbitus. In fact, he is the interlocutor of this immortal minstrel troupe, William Shakespeare and Scollard being respectively the bones and tambo. Four original poems are contributed by prominent authors—"By March Winds Led," by Louise Chandler Moulton; "March," by Mrs. Jane G. Austin; "A Masque of March," by Clinton Scollard, and "The Gift of Spring," by Charles Miner Thompson.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written some very interesting "Letters to Dead Authors." We have looked through the list very carefully, but failed to find any epistle therein addressed to Wm. S. Gilbert. This must be an oversight.

The visit of Madame Durand (Henry Gréville) to this country has stirred up the publishers. Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, issue "Dossia's Daughter," a pretty little idyll of a spoiled girl, taught by hard experience to appreciate home and a husband's love. Mrs. Clara Erskine Clements Waters is the translator, and her translation is a good one. Messrs. Ticknor & Co. announce that they pay Madame Durand for the privilege of publishing her books, and have made an exclusive arrangement with her.

But at the same time we receive "Markof," by Henry Gréville, from Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, who claim the right to publish her books in America. They further claim that some of their translations were made in Paris under Madame Durand's supervision. Here is a nice little tilt for some international copyright agitator.

"Markof" is a musical novel dealing with a conflict between pure love and guilty passion for the possession of the musical, emotional and selfish hero. It is a good strong piece of work. But "Markof" was published in this country six years ago, although the title-page gives the reader no indication of the fact.



THE LAW OF ARBITRATION
MODERATOR POWDERLY.—I am glad to see, the



ATION
R THE QUARRELING GIANTS.
d to see, that you are both willing to stoop to *This*.



BALLADE OF —

THE buds are bursting on the tree,
The bee will soon begin to hum,
And in the larch the chickadee
Gets off his little tump-tum.
The maple-syrup's flowing from
The maple where the bluebirds woo,
Until their nimble feet are numb—
Sweed Sprig is here—cachoo, cachoo!

The sunshine gilds the barren lea,
And makes the coalman sad and glum,
The poet in wild ecstasy
Upon his harp begins to trum.
We hear the street-band's horn and drum
Get off its awful hullabaloo,
But still we wear the pedal gum—
Sweed Sprig is here—cachoo, cachoo!

The butterfly will shortly be
Cavorting round the peach and plum,
An airy honeysuckle sea
Will wave the old piazza from.
The moving-man will smash his thumb,
The wood-dove on the wood-pile coo,
And shad-roe's cooked in egg and crumb—
Sweed Sprig is here—cachoo, cachoo!

ENVOI.

Alderman, we are not dumb,
We hear the season's wild bazoo;
Come, gentle PUCK, set PICKINGS, come,
Sweed Sprig is here—cachoo, cachoo!

R. K. M.

WE ARE pained to inform our readers that the winter wheat-crop is a failure. We get this information from a Wall Street man who has been over the ground, and knows what he is saying.

THE LATEST boarding-house ditty sent to this office, and promptly destroyed, began:
The chicken that's hatched in the spring, tra-la!

WHILE THE arbutus softly trembles beneath the blue of the April skies,
The days are very few, remember, for oyster-fries;
Because they follow in the wake
Of the buckwheat-cake.

FOR MANY years base-ball has been a fly game; but a man can still be put out on the bounce in the Custom-House.

SOON THE golden woodbine will blossom on the porch,
And then the gladioli be burning like a torch,
White clouds will float serenely adown the turquoise sky,
And from the spry pound-master will scoot the old ki-yi.

THE DEAD MARCH—March, 1886.

WHEN YOU come to gaze upon and study the average Turk, it rather makes one stretch his or her conscience to realize that there is such a thing extant as a Turkish bath.

A THING THAT should be well shaken before taken is a second-hand carpet.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

IT is raining madly, violently, wildly, and even cruelly. It seems as though the windows of heaven are thrown open in real earnest. If it keeps on at this rate much longer, the garret will be full, and a cataract will be coming down the stairs full of trunks, boxes, barrels, servant-girls and other household effects. The trees will soon be water-logged, and the ducks will be swimming up into the skies in order to get on the top of the storm.

It is raining pitchforks and lawn-mowers. It is raining wild-cats and muscats. Ah me, what a wild tattoo the storm beats on the tin roof! Yet, I love to lie and listen to its moaning and sobbing and rattling, when I know it cannot come through the ceiling and soak me to the core.

It all brings back to me a poem that used to be in one of the school-readers, called "Rain Upon the Roof." I don't remember the

words of it; but perhaps the reader of this can call it to mind by the following verses, written on the spot:

When the night is bleak and murky,
And I'm lying snug in bed,
With the blanket warmly fastened
All about my shining head,
When I'm happy in the knowledge
That the house is water-proof,
Then I love to lie and listen
To the rain upon the roof.

Oh, it is a soothing music,
It is sorrowful and weird,
And an anthem that no German
Band could play, though freely beered.
Oh, I float away to dream-land,
And my soul is gone aloof,
When I hear the pearly tinkle
Of the rain upon the roof.

What is that roar? you ask.
Why, that is the roar of the dog in the cellar.
What does the roar mean? you ask.

Why, it means that the cellar is full of water, and the dog is floating around on a door, howling to be pulled ashore.
What will the dog do if I don't go down?

Why, he will probably write me a note, and hurl it out on the broad expanse of water in a claret-bottle. If the cat is with him, and he gets hungry, he will probably eat her without observing the customary formality of drawing lots. I should not mind having him howl all night, if he would only howl with some regard for the rules of melody. If he's alive to-morrow, I shall have him tuned and orchestrated. If he is dead, I shall replace him with a water-spaniel, and then the freshets can come along as often as they please.

But then the rain is refreshing. It opens the flowers, makes the grass grow, refreshes all Nature, and develops the crops—especially the jail-bird's Auburn (N. Y.) crop—while the crop of the chicken remains the same.

I remember one rain-storm that occurred about fifteen years ago. If I am spared fifteen years longer, I shall remember that storm as distinctly as I do to-day.

WE MOVED IN IT!!!

And we moved about ten miles.

When we arrived, the furniture looked as though it had been towed across the ocean.

You could wring water out of the table-legs. The sofa and cushion-chairs have not yet regained their original shape. The stove was soaked so that we couldn't light a fire in it for a week. The only thing that was as dry as a bone was the water-cooler. It was also as dry as a country sermon.

The mattresses, of course, were packed right on top of the load, to keep other things dry. It took them about three weeks to dry, which made it slightly cool sleeping. But the funniest part of it was jumping out of bed in the morning and taking a rub-down with a Turkish towel before I could dress.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PRESENCE OF MIND.



BOOK-AGENT.—I have here the "Life and Glorious Triumphs of Parnell," which I should like to—

OUR COOK.—'Tis of Frinch extraction I am; but ye're shure to sell wan of them to the Oirish servants nixt door.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

I AM a stenographer. But I am neither vain nor proud; and even when I first realized my transition from the plain, ordinary, everyday being, I accepted it as an inspiration with a feeling of delicacy akin to that of a ward-boss in receiving a public trust. Versed in construing spider-leg curves and strokes and artful dots, the rare gift was mine to read in the variegated waves and angles of the clouds, like a wizard, hidden and mysterious vagaries far beyond the vulgar ken. My cigarette-smoke—my girl's frizzes, my girl's freckles—a dog's tail, even, in sundry squirms, a cat's tail—everything—anything, had for me an occult signification. My ambition was to become a reporter in the *Senate*. I had the expressions: "I beg to differ with the honorable gentleman from Buncombe," "You are a l-r," and various other conventional pleasantries, reduced to the most beautiful and facile hieroglyphics, as brief, concise and legible as "Wun Lung's" receipt for a week's wash. But, alas! all this empirical lore doesn't pay worth a cent. To be frank with you, I haven't got a cent.

Lately I was awakened to the prosaic fact that I had either to join the army or to go to work. I don't know much about the army; but am perfectly resigned to the bliss that this ignorance entails. So I flirted with the alternative, and determined to go to work—at anything. I snatched up the *Herald*. Now for the "Wants"!

"The Grandest Show on Earth," "The Only Cure for Consumption," "Three Cities in the West Destroyed by a Cyclone," "Perfect Telescoping of Two Locomotives—60 Passengers Killed," "England at War," "Discovery of Perpetual Motion," and various other customary incidents, had for me neither charm nor interest. I glanced over them like wildfire. The want-page was more seductive to me than the most thrilling effusion of Ouidà; would combine, I expected, more wisdom than the Pandects, and more romance than the most extravagant narrative of Dumas. For instance:

WANTED.—A SHOEMAKER. ADDRESS SHOE-store, Box 72.

I merely note this. There may be nothing in it to the casual observer; but picture an empty stool, leather-seated—a haunted vacancy—and a feeling of sadness will creep over the stoniest heart.

Next:

A SHOEMAKER WANTS A JOB. ADDRESS Shoemaker, Box 73.

This is evidently the caprice of Fate; or—but let us hope not—it may be that the aforesaid haunted vacancy is the sequel of some agitation, circumscribed, it is true, of which the result was the euphemous "bounce."

WANTED.—A YOUNG, STRONG, CLEVER girl, to keep books and paint. Must have no objections to climbing ladders. Address: Paint-shop, Box 845.

Apart from the merely incidental disadvantage of sex, my gymnastic proclivities were never of a very volatile tendency. A reasonably secure proximity to *terra firma* will always be to me a source of anxious yearning. But go ahead, girls! "Keep books," "paint," "climb ladders"—telegraph-poles. You are working out a grand and noble destiny. Let visionary political economists rant and squander every possible hypothesis on the uncertain issues of a vacillating supply and demand. You will enter in majesty and loveliness, and in hordes, and solve the whole thing without the ghost of a thought.

I am no Wiggins, girls, but I have a dim prophetic conviction that, sooner or later, the delectable era will come when your latent and long-suppressed efficiency will assert itself; and

I contemplate in ecstasy the time when behind the shining plough-share you will drive the team afiel—the wind will blow through your waving tresses; and as each stubble in the glebe disconcerts the centre of your gravity, and lands you at his heels, the jocund ox will smilingly turn and mingle his cooing below with your silvery laugh. Or, in more advanced and civic vocations, as well as when we shall have relinquished to you the surreptitiously acquired and merely sufferantly attendant quality of valor, and Amazonian prowess shall no longer be a myth—when the sun of your angelic supremacy has reached its zenith, and your success is assured, we shall fondly dote on you as the Brigadier Bessie, or the Blacksmith Kate. But go on, girls, you giddy, giddy things.

A N AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN, JUST STARTING in life, desires to form a copartnership, in any manufacturing business, with any one who can furnish the necessary capital and experience, plant and machinery, and a market for the product. Address: Ambitious, P. O. Box 114,692.

How unassumingly frank, unselfish and graphic! How diffidently limited and confiding! There are some people who would want the earth, with an open policy for 999 years, renewable forever, assuring them against loss by deluge or conflagration and wear and tear. But these demands are possible, specific and well-defined. Shall this unspeculative youth and genius be ignored? For shame, every Cæsus with hoarded and dormant millions!

WANTED.—A STOUT BOY AS PORTER AND stenographer. One speaking German, French, Italian, Spanish and Hebrew preferred. Address: Merchant, Box 98.

Now, I am thirty-two years old—a stenographer—weigh one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, and bet I can whip the man that put that in. I'll bet he is red-headed, ugly and mean, and that the sight of him would give you a spasm. Oh! for pen and ink and paper, and his gore!

MOJACNAMEE.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

CLERGYMAN.—I was disappointed not to see you at prayer-meeting last evening.

DEACON.—I wanted to come; but, you see, we are having a clearing-out sale, and we kept the store open until ten o'clock.

CLERGYMAN (sadly).—Ah, my friend, I am sorry to see you try to serve Heaven and Mammon at the same time.

DEACON.—I don't try. I never think of serving Heaven in my store. I'm not the man to mix my religion with business.

AMPLIFIED "ADS".—NO. I.



WANTED.—A night-watchman. A wide-awake... keep policemen from sleeping while on duty.

RANDOM REMARKS.

MRS. BADGER.—So you are in favor of Home-Rule, are you?

MR. BADGER (behind his newspaper).—Y-e-s. It is a very good thing—in Ireland.

KOSSUTH, THE PATRIOT, is now over eighty-four years of age, is growing very feeble, and is in daily danger of death. We mention this fact so that the public may know what it means if it hears Freedom shrieking some morning in the near future.

"WHO IS a lucky Democrat under this administration?" asks a disgruntled organ. A lucky Democrat is one who cares more for his country than he does for his party, more for honesty than spoils, and is too busy at home to take an office, even if one were offered to him.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT has been made Major-General of the Army in Bengal, according to late dispatches. This shows how fortunate it is to be the son of a queen. His Royal Highness can now stay in his tent in the rear of the troops when any fighting goes on, and any man who insinuates that he is afraid will be promptly drawn and quartered.

THE CONGREGATION of a Massachusetts country church recently gave a pie-party. Each lady baked a pie, and all the pies were sold in the church parlors, and a large sum collected therefrom. The names of the pie-bakers, however, were care-

fully concealed, as the unmarried ladies did not desire to ruin whatever chances of marrying they might have.

August 16, 1925.—About 3:15 this afternoon, after three years of incredible toil, hardship and labor, we reached that spot which has filled the ice-fields of the north with graves and wrecks. We stood at last at the North Pole. Of the one hundred men who sailed from New York Harbor, I was the only one living, and my only companions were the two Esquimaux. A moment we stood in solemn silence, savage and Christian alike awed by the thought that we had crowned with success the superhuman efforts of centuries, when, stepping briskly around from the other side of the Pole, a woman came, holding out her autograph-album, while a few paces behind her walked a man from the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, who wanted to know what I would take to lecture through New England and the Middle States.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A MASSACHUSETTS man recently found a *Cattleya amethystoglossa* in his garden. We suspect it escaped from some menagerie.—*Norristown Herald*.

A NEWS item in an exchange is headed, "Eloping With Her Father's Best Mule." This is a new departure in the way of elopements; but, no doubt, she will be happier than if she had run away with her father's coachman. She can sell a mule when she tires of him; and if the worst comes to the worst, both can go on the stage and become "stars"—in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company.—*Norristown Herald*.

A BOSTON lady last summer attended a funeral in a country church. After the singing of a hymn, a man who was sitting beside her remarked:

"Beautiful hymn, isn't it, Ma'am? The corpse wrote it."—*Utica Eagle*.

The old saying, "Opposition is the life of business," has not been sustained in one instance at least. Since the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup all other cough remedies have been dead stock and the venders are in despair.

Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



ART AND LOVE.

"Ah! Miss Clara, how long I have sought for an opportunity to express my affection for you—I trust your mother does not hear us?"
"Oh, do not let that disturb you. Mamma sleeps very soundly."

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
WAREROOMS:
149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.



"WHAT, you here, Jones? Last time I saw you you told me you were going to be married and go to Europe."

"Well, I didn't get married. Fact is, old man, the girl—she went back on me."

"Then you didn't take your big trip?"

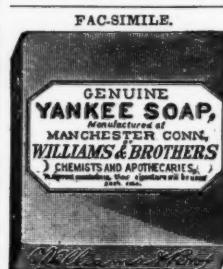
"Well, no, not exactly."

"Not exactly?"

"Well—I took a pretty fair-sized tumble."

We are all liable to "take tumbles." Tumbles are apt to hurt people. Insure in the United States Mutual Accident Association, 320 Broadway, New York.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES
AND TRICYCLES.
Reduction in Prices and Many Improvements.
Spring Catalogue Sent Free.
THE POPE MFG. CO.,
597 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
BRANCH HOUSES: 12 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.
115 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.



FAC-SIMILE.
For Shaving.
THE GENUINE YANKEE
SOAP.

Has never been equaled in the richness and permanence of its lather.
Especially adapted for heavy beards and delicate skin. Standard for quality in the U. S. Navy. Has been counterfeited more than any other soap in the world. Notice the engraving and avoid imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP
IT. Trial Sample for 12 Cents.
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, 1840

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100 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Samples for 1886, 5 cents. S. M. FOOTE, NORTHFORD, CONN.

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"Why?" asked a companion.

"Because there is such a delight in trying on a new dress when it fits well."—*Boston Courier*.

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"Why, no; to whom?"

"An Auburn lady, I believe."

"Ah, yes, I recollect; but my friends wrote me that she was a brunette."—*Lynn Union*.

"WE will take what we need," is the motto of the Chicago Socialists. The Binghampton *Republican* suggests that they begin by taking a bath.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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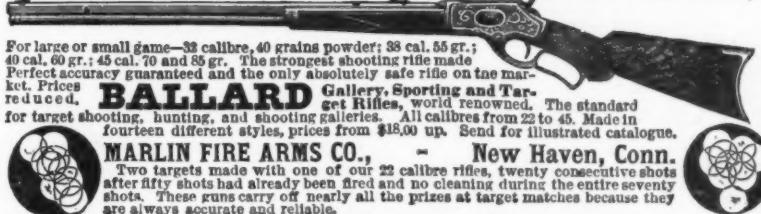
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JUSTICE.—Madam, what have you against this man?"

Complainant.—Well, sir, he tore my dress half off.

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AN exchange has a department headed, "Woman's Talk." It crowds out a good share of the advertisements.—*Chicago Ledger*.

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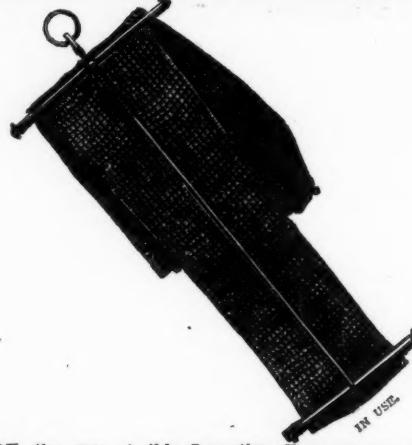
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To trim the Easter bonnet;
But now they put the things that grow
In market-gardens on it—

The vegetables and flowers and fruits,
Tomato, radish, carrot,
Banana or the bud, as suits
The lady who must wear it.

A turnip, on a curving brim,
Will hold it in position;
A carrot be some lady's whim
To indicate omission;

And onions, odorous and young,
That aid the tears in falling,
On mourning-bonnets will be hung
To mark the grief appalling.

The hat or bonnet most complete,
The envy of all women,
Will be the one with biggest beet
Amid the garden trimmin'.

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That was she that just went by with the St. Bernard."

"Of course, I saw her."

"Why, what is the matter? I thought you
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"So we are, my dear child; but I cannot afford
to speak on the street to a girl who wears
a blue gown with a brown dog. It would be
really too absurd. Don't you think so yourself?"—*Town Topics.*

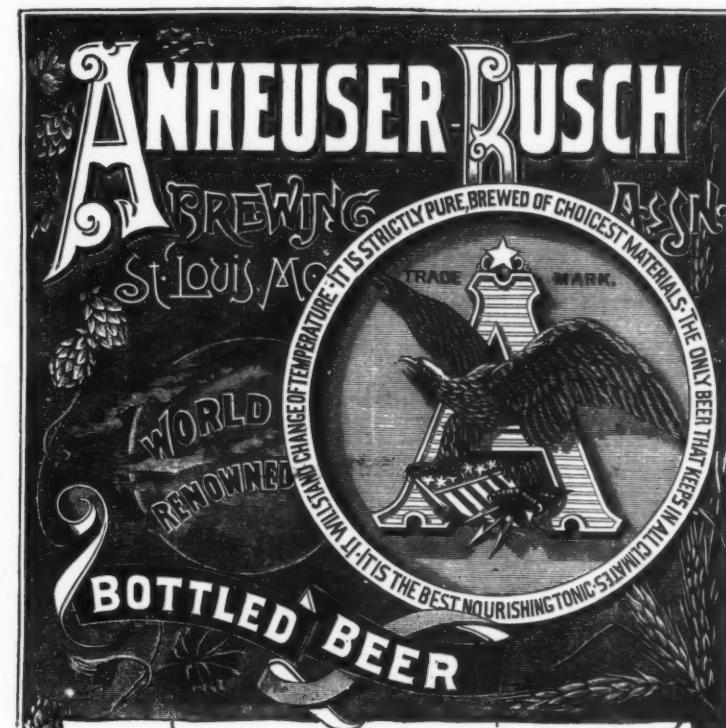
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